

12/7

This is funny - I was going through my
now weekly ritual pondering about vocational directions:
will it be teaching or will it be journalism. Following
my less than enthusiastic ~~resp~~ reception ~~by~~ by my
fellow writers, the rejection of my play review by
Cheryl Bealer & ~~the general~~ ~~the~~ ~~post~~ the
exhaustion of getting in a 23 hr day --- spent
mostly writing --- I wanted to give
journalism the boot

I could see myself in the role of a teacher. I thought
about the teachers that effected my life. ~~started~~
how do they keep at it? Year after year, class after class,
underpaid, ~~working a highly paid~~ How much of their
time is spent doing what they love & how much is
spent making up for the inadequacies? Are they in it
for the love?

After bouncing these questions a while I thought about
contacting those teachers that had so great an effect on
me & interview -> get their story down. Yeah. -- write
an article about teachers. I could talk to someone
at the education department about burn-out. Call Fr. Ryan
at CMU and ask him about the origins of his teaching
philosophy. It'd give me an excuse to call Theresa & to
talk to her about her own experiences w/ burnout &
such. Yeah. This would be great.

12/6

Children are special & absorbing & malleable—
possessing an emotional thirst & autonomous
spirit & is physically expressing to emotionally
demanding from the guardian.

To look into a child's eyes is to look into
the future. It is all that we are. It is
all we ever shall be.

Their examples & dreams reveal our
early cultural imprinting interpreted
by that unknown individual factor that makes
each one different — which make each one a
living soul.

Children possess an emotional sensitivity
that is too easily lost later in life
and that [compounded]... exaggerates
this phenomenon is that while possessing
this trait they can be healthiest
cruel & ungrateful dishonest, a walking
emotional psychological continuum of
virtues & vices.

I couldn't help but notice after my conversation w/ Mr. that some of my questions came off like an interview rather than as a friend.

It didn't hit me until this morning that while I ~~mentally~~ lay my tracks for as the editorial vocations, I was engaged in journalism. I was doing journalism.

My problem w/ journalism hasn't been a lack of ideas, or skill or drive. My problem has been dealing w/ the mechanics of getting these ideas into print (really getting what's needed to retain some semblance of the original idea). The personalities & politics & philosophical differences that together constitute the mechanics have not been easily grasped, much less mastered, by yours truly. The one thing that keeps this far ~~describing~~ into an ~~exercise~~ ~~exercise~~ is that I'm up front about my lack of knowledge & expertise in the ~~area~~ of putting a newspaper together. But the answers are so hard to come by. This can be such a fucking struggle. But it is a struggle that I am fully engaged in. Journalism --- ~~has~~ I was considering switching over to English & employed my journalistic thrust to investigate it. At present, ~~the~~ switch degree program seems to be a worse approximation than sticking it out. It's funny how these things turn out.

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